

THE MAPLE LEAFS

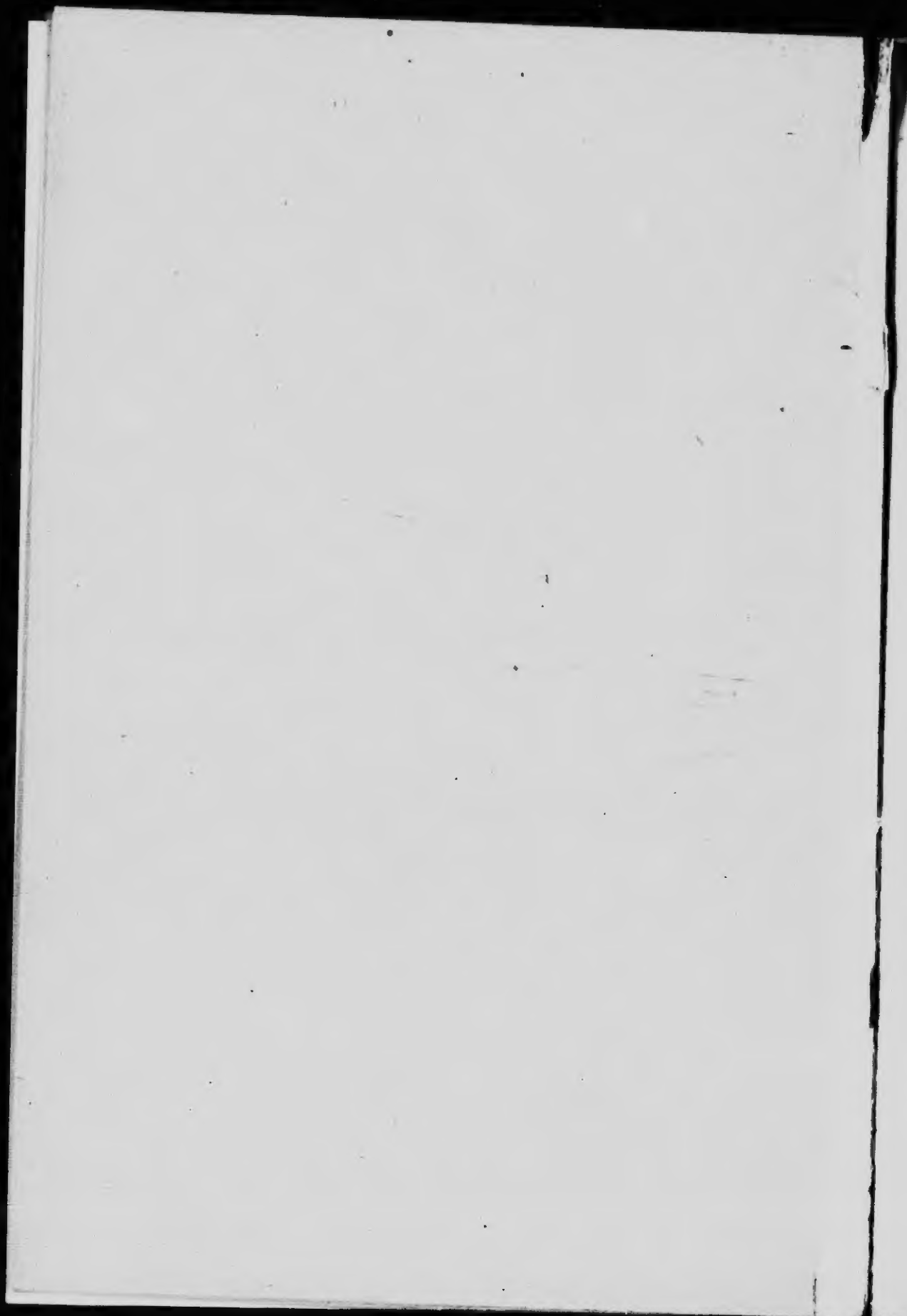
THE ORIGINAL

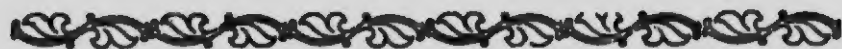
The 4th Canadian Divisional Concert Party
from France In their Overseas Revue

CAMOUFLAGE



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THE ORIGINAL

The 4th Canadian Divisional Concert Party
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SCENE 1 - GARDEN OF SIR HORACE'S HOUSE

SIR HORACE and ELIZABETH discovered at table.
ELIZABETH, rather deaf and near-sighted, knitting or
needle-working.

SIR HORACE reading paper. Girls' laughter heard off.
SIR HORACE throwing down paper; very erratic, etc.

SIR HORACE : It's not a bit of use Elizabeth, something has
got to be done and done quickly. Here's that last
Rises from speculation of mine shot to blazes, and Siberian's
seat. down again to 47½, and then that confounded
Jew pressing me for money. Ah, sucking the
very blood from one's body as it were. Money
has got to be obtained from somewhere, and Sal-
mon absolutely refuses to advance another red
cent. Unless we want to see the old house sold
over our heads, we have got to raise the wind,
and a strong wind at that. (*Seats himself*
again). Now look here Elizabeth, here's where
you can help me. Our last hope lies in Tremayne.
(*With emphasis.*)

ELIZABETH : (*Looking around*). I thought it would be such
a nice day too, and the girls planning a picnic.

SIR HORACE : Girls ! Picnic ! What on earth are you talking
about ?

ELIZABETH : Didn't you say it was going to rain ?

SIR HORACE : No I did not say anything of the sort. (Shouting) I said Tremayne. REGGIE TREMAYNE.

ELIZABETH : Oh yes : Oh yes : Speaking of Mr. Tremayne, how much longer is he going to stay on here ? One would never think that you were as poor as a church mouse with all the entertaining that you do. Here is this Mr. Tremayne been staying here now for a month and no signs of his going.

SIR HORACE : That's just the idea. We do not want them to know that we are poor. Its a crime to be poor my Dear. Its a crime to be poor. Now look here Elizabeth, lets get down to hard facts. (*Seats himself*) Reggie Tremayne has money and we need money, hence my reasons for inviting him down here.

ELIZABETH : What ! Are you going to rob him ? Horace, brother or no brother, I will never be a party to such a procedure.

SIR HORACE : What idiotic nonsense you do talk Elizabeth. (*With emphasis*). Who said anything about robbing him. No. Our one way out is Gladys.

ELIZABETH : Gladys ?

SIR HORACE : Yes. Gladys and Tremayne.

ELIZABETH : (*Repeats*) Gladys and Tremayne ? (*vacantly*).

SIR HORACE : Yes you old fool. I don't want to have to shout it again.

ELIZABETH : I am afraid my dear Horace, that I do not understand you.

SIR HORACE : Bah ! (*leaning over and loud whisper*) MARRIAGE.

ELIZABETH : Cabbage ?

SIR HORACE : (*Groans*). No you idiot. Marriage. United. Tied up. Confound it, woman, you understand.

ELIZABETH : Horace, I'm surprised at you. Your slang is most distressing.

SIR HORACE : (*Draws chair closer to Elizabeth*). Listen Elizabeth. My idea is this. Tremayne has money, and what is more he is heir to very large estates. In fact he is a very desirable young man for a son-in-law. Now then, this is where you can help. You do all you can to sing the praises of Tremayne to Gladys. Say what a fine husband he would make, and get them together all you can. Leave Reggie to me. I'll fix him.

ELIZABETH : But supposing they do not love one another.

SIR HORACE : Bah. What does that matter. A man cannot exist on love and neither can the woman for that matter. They want something more substantial than love, and that's only got by money. Money, money, money. Ye Gods. I wish I were young again.

ELIZABETH : But supposing, er

SIR HORACE : Don't suppose anything. (*Snappishly*.)

ELIZABETH : My dear Horace, you are extremely rude, and if you want me to help you in these fantastical schemes of yours, you had better curb your tongue a little. What I was going to say was this, If I know Gladys rightly, I think your schemes will go harder than you bargain for.

SIR HORACE : Tut. Tut. Do your best. Hist. Here are the girls. Not a word to give Gladys any cue of our plans.

Enter GLADYS and MABEL. Gladys approaching Sir Horace.

GLADYS : Good morning Papa. (*Kisses*). Good morning Auntie. (*Kisses*).

MABEL : (*Kisses Auntie and Sir Horace.*) (*Exchange of greetings, etc.*)

- GLADYS : Did you have a good ride this morning papa ? I am afraid we are awfully late down, but we were so tired weren't we Mabs ? Oh but we did have a good time. The concert went off splendidly and such a long programme. It was past eleven before we got into the car for home.
- MABEL : Yes, and then the old thing broke down at the crossroads. Mr. Challoner and Mr. Summers worked like Trojans for nearly an hour.
- ELIZABETH : I wonder you haven't caught your death of cold, standing out in that night air all that time. I think Mr. Challoner and his friend ought to be ashamed of themselves. The very idea.
- GLADYS : Now look here Auntie dear. Don't you be such a cross patch. We were in very safe hands, weren't we papa ?
- SIR HORACE : I suppose so my Dear. I suppose so, but I wonder where Reggie Tremayne is this morning. He went off for a walk quite early.
- ELIZABETH : He was very disappointed at being left behind last evening.
- GLADYS : Well Auntie, it is only a small car and besides we see quite enough of Mr. Tremayne, don't we Mabs.
- MABEL : Too much at times Dear.
- GLADYS : He gets on my nerves with his soft foppish airs.
- SIR HORACE : Mr. Tremayne is my guest, and a very great friend my dear, and you must not speak of him in such terms. He is a very nice young man and I might say that in my eyes he would make a very desirable.
- MABEL : (*Looking off stage*). Here comes Mr. Tremayne, and he is carrying a very large box. (*Laughing*).
- GLADYS : (*Running across to Mabel*). A large box ? (*Laughing*).

REGGIE : (*Enters*). Here we are. Here we are. All safe and sound. Say I've had a most trying time. Been over to Stubbs' farm feeding the cows, milking the chickens, throwing stones at the ducks. I've had a devil of a time I can assure you.

 (*Footman enters and attempts to take box from Reggie*). No, no, no, no. I'll see to him myself.

GLADYS : Whatever have you got there Mr. Tremayne ?

REGGIE : Ah — Ah. There you are. What *have* I got ?

MABEL : A dog ?

SIR HORACE : A cat ?

REGGIE : No, its a present from old Stubbs in recompense for my services this morning. I'll wager you don't guess what it is. I'll give you three guesses.

MABEL : Is it animal, mineral, or vegetable ?

REGGIE : Animal ? Mineral ? Vegetable ? What is mineral ?

SIR HORACE : Why minerals come out of the ground Sir.

REGGIE : Out of the ground ? Oh yes of course, out of the ground. Well that's funny. You see its a little of each.

GLADYS : A little of each ? How absurd Mr. Tremayne.

MABEL : Don't leave us in suspense Mr. Tremayne.

ELIZABETH : Perhaps its a motor car.

SIR HORACE : What is it Sir ? What is it ? We'll never guess.

REGGIE : (*Turning box around*). Its a rabbit. He, he, he, he.

GLADYS : (*Aside*). Fool.

REGGIE : *(Puts down box).* That's good isn't it? You see its an animal. It comes out of the ground, therefore its a mineral and it lives on the vegetable. Ha, ha.
(All show disgust. Elizabeth exits.)

SIR HORACE : (*Crosses to box and signs to footman to remove it*). Take it away John. (*To Reggie*). How many did you say you had Sir ?

REGGIE : **One Sir.**

SIR HORACE : Do my eyes deceive me ? How many are there
John ?

FOOTMAN : Seven Sir. (*Exit*).

REGGIE : Seven ? Well what the — Seven did you say ? Why I must be a conjurer. I started off with one.

(Exit Sir Horace, followed by girls laughing.)
(Left). (Right).

Seven? Say what a profitable business. I say that's awfully beastly ripping jolly.

SONGS.

(After song, enter girls with flowers).

GLADYS : (Aside). He's still here. (Aloud). Well Mr. Tremayne, you must have had quite an exciting time at Stubbs' Farm.

REGGIE : A most exciting time I assure you Miss er — Gladys. You know those little chicks tickled my fancy. When I retire I think I'll go in for keeping chickens.

GLADYS : When you retire Mr. Tremayne ? Why I thought you had already retired. I've never heard that you followed any business.

MABEL : I suppose you are not in any way connected with the Firm of Tremayne's Tinned Tomatoes, are you Mr. Tremayne ?

REGGIE : Tinned Tomatoes ? I should say not. Tinned Tomatoes ? What I ? Tinned Tomatoes, (*Girls laughing at him*) the idea. Tinned tomatoes. (*Exit*).

GLADYS : What a perfect idiot. He fairly gets on my nerves.

MABEL : Oh I would not worry about him my Dear. He's quite harmless. (*Laughing*) Isn't it nearly time that the boys were here ?

GLADYS : Yes. They said they would come over for lunch. I am so sorry Mabs dear that Bob has got to go away so soon for you do like him just a little bit, don't you ? Now confess.

MABEL : Yes Dear. I like him quite a lot. What a glorious time we had last evening. I wish it could have gone on for ever.

GLADYS : You little imp of mischeif. You're out for fun all the time.

MABEL : Why not ? If you want any fun, why

FOLLOW THE BOYS.

(Cue for Song).

At finish of Duet, Motor horn heard off. Mabel running up stage.

MABEL : Here they are. (*Waves hand*).
Enter Challoner and Summers. (*Exchange of greetings*).

SUMMERS :— Well how are the young ladies this morning ?
None the worse for last night's adventure I hope.

GLADYS : Oh no Mr. Summers. I think it was just splendid of you.

CHALLONER : Was your Aunt or Sir Horace at all cross about your being late ? I think I had better go and apologize to them, although to be candid and truthful I'm glad the old engine did break down.

MABEL : Are you really leaving us today Mr. Challoner ?

CHALLONER : Yes Miss Dorian. I am afraid so. Duty calls you know, but George has promised to stay down here and look after my place for me, so you'll see quite a lot of him I'll wager, eh George?

SUMMERS :— Well I guess so and as long as we can keep that old car rattling we'll have some fun, eh Miss Gladys ?

GIRLS : Fine. Splendid Mr. Summers.

CHALLONER : Well I think I'll slip in and see Sir Horace. Are you coming in Miss Dorian. (*Exit Bob and Mabel*).

SUMMERS :— What a fine pair they make. Don't you think so er Miss Gladys ?

GLADYS : Yes they do Mr. Summers.

SUMMERS :— Why the accent on the Mister ?

GLADYS : Why the accent on the Miss ?

SUMMERS :— Gladys.

GLADYS : George. (*They kiss*).

Cue for Duet. FIRST LOVE.

At finish of Duet Enter Sir Horace followed by Challoner and Mabel. (*Greetings*).

SIR HORACE : How do Mr. Summers. Delighted to see you again I'm sure. So we're going to lose our old friend Challoner again for a while. But there's no reason for you to stay away in consequence.

SUMMERS :— Thank you Sir. I shall be only too delighted to call at every opportunity. Let us hope that we shall soon have Challoner back with us.

CHALLONER : Where is Tremayne this morning ? I have not see him around yet.

SIR HORACE : Oh I expect he is around attending to the rabbits.

CHALLONER : Rabbits ?

GLADYS : Yes. He came back from Stubbs' farm this morning with a whole hatch full of rabbits.

SUMMERS :— Quite a pleasant occupation I'm sure. What a joke.

(All exit to house laughing). (Summers & Gladys).

(Sir Horace & Challoner). Mabel returns to table for flowers, humming a tune. (Enter Reggie, taking up same tune with whistle).

REGGIE : I say Miss Dorian, that's topping. I like that. Hum it again will you please ? *(She hums). (Reggie, Umpty Idley Um).....Idley* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. I say that's awfully beastly jolly doncher know. I used to have that on a gramophone record, all scratched and it made a horrible scraping noise. Your humming reminded me of it again. Awfully topping tune all the same.

MABEL : H'M'M' Glad you think so Mr. Tremayne. By the way, how are your minerals getting along ?

REGGIE : Well do you know Miss Dorian, I've been thinking seriously over the matter and I don't think that I'll keep them after all. They're not so profitable as.

MABEL : But I always understood that it was such a paying proposition Mr. Tremayne.

REGGIE : Well, what I mean to say is, you have to kill em before you derive any benefit as it were. Now I was thinking that if I kept chickens why I should get the eggs without killing.

MABEL : Eggactly. So you think you'll keep Chickens eh ? Become a regular poultry farmer.

REGGIE : (*Cackling like a chicken*). I love those little teeny chicks.

MABEL : Do you ? So do I.

Cue for Duet. TWO LITTLE CHICKS.
On finish, exit. Enter Sir Horace.

SIR HORACE : Confound the luck. Everything going wrong. The sooner Challoner and his friend depart the better Ha, ha, ha, Themayne and his rabbits. He surely is a bit of a knut but that'll wear off in time. That'll wear off.
(*Enter footman*).

FOOTMAN : A gentleman to see you Sir.

SIR HORACE : Huh, Who is it ? (*Takes card*). Confound it. The impertinence of the scoundrel, coming down here and just at this moment too. Where is he ?

FOOTMAN : In the hall Sir.

SIR HORACE : Where are the others ?

FOOTMAN : In the library Sir.

SIR HORACE : Show him out here. (*Exit footman*). What the devil's to be done now, and just as things were shaping up nicely. I'll kick the scoundrel around the grounds if he gets too fresh. (*Enter footman and Salmon*).

FOOTMAN : Mr. Isaac Salmon.

SALMON : Esquire. Esquire. Don't you know your manners ?
(*Advancing*). Ah, good-morning Sir Horace. Quite an unexpected surprise eh ? You didn't expect to see me down this part of the world did you ? But the fact is, London is getting a little too warm these days and being in need of a change, why I just packed my bag and here I am.

SIR HORACE : Packed your bag ? You have not the impudence to think that you are going to stay here, surely. (*Salmon nods*). Why you're mad. Stark raving mad. Huh.

SALMON : Mad vos I ? Vell if I vos madt I couldn't do better than become an inmate of your most beautiful Asylum here. (*Gazes at house*). Quite a good place eh ? Sir Horace ? Quite a nice place, fetch a good price under the hammer, eh Sir Horace ?

SIR HORACE : Confound you Sir, Confound your impudence. What do you mean Sir ? What do you mean by coming down here and thrusting your vile presence upon us in this manner ?

SALMON :
(*Artfully*) Presents ? Presents ? I'm not thrusting any presents. What brought me here was business, my boy, business. Sit down and lets talk it over quietly. (*Reggie appears, sees Salmon and disappears quickly*). (*Salmon takes papers from pocket and makes display*.) Lets go into this like two respectable English gentlemen would. Now Sir Horace Dumbfounded (*Loudly*) What about a settlement ?

SIR HORACE : Shuch ; Not so loud you fool, walls have ears.
(*Enter Gladys*).

GLADYS : Oh I beg your pardon, papa. I did not know that you were engaged. (*Exit*).

SALMON : (*Rudely*) Who's the girl ?

SIR HORACE : She's not a girl. She's my daughter. Confound your humbug sir. You make me so excited I don't know what I am saying. My daughter Sir, my daughter.

SALMON : And very nice too. Married ?

SIR HORACE : No. Confound your impudence Sir. Not married.

SALMON : Hu'm'p'h. And very nice too. Engaged ?

SIR HORACE : Most certainly she is engaged Sir to (*proudly*) Mr. Reginald Tremayne, heir to the estates of Sir Joseph Potash, Baronet, Sir.

SALMON : (*Startled and then chuckling.*) Reggie Tremayne ? Is he down here ?

SIR HORACE : He is Sir. He has been my guest here for a month.

SALMON : (*whistling surprised*). (*Aside*). So this is where he has been hiding. I wonder what Reggie's little game is this time. (*To Sir Horace*). So you have hopes of marrying your daughter to Tremayne eh ?

SIR HORACE : Yes Sir and once that little function is over I will clear you and your confounded mortgages to blazes. You hear me Sir ? To blazes.

SALMON : (*Laughs heartily.*)

SIR HORACE : And now Sir, perhaps you will take yourself off and leave us in peace.

SALMON : Oh dear No. I've come down here to stay for awhile. I need a little holiday and this place will suit me down to the ground. I hold the trump card. (*Waves paper*) my Sporty, so be amiable and introduce me as an old College Ohum staying here for a few days.

SIR HORACE : Confound you Sir. I wish I had never seen you or your dirty money either.

SALMON : (*Produces bank notes*). Dirty looking stuff isn't it Sir Horace ? How much more did you say you wanted ?

SIR HORACE : (*Starting*). Five thousand Sir. No, make it Ten Thousand. Calls Page. Smith, tell Martin to prepare the spare room for my friend Mr. Salmon. (*Salmon makes a sweeping bow and follows Page. On exit, passes Elizabeth entering*).

ELIZABETH : What's wrong Horace ? Who is that man ?

SIR HORACE : Everything's wrong. Nothing's right.

ELIZABETH : Who's your friend ?

SIR HORACE : He's no friend of mine. That's Salmon.

ELIZABETH : Brought some Salmon ?

SIR HORACE : Brought nothing. Salmon. Isaac Salmon, the money-lender, planted himself down here and refuses to budge. Wants to be introduced as an old college chum of mine, confound him.

ELIZABETH : A pretty nice mess you've made of things haven't you ? And what do you intend to do now pray "

SIR HORACE : Do ? Why there's only one thing to do, and that's to hurry on the marriage of Gladys with Tremayne. Get busy Elizabeth, get hold of the girl and talk to her quietly. Here they are now. I'll leave you to it. Remember, if this doesn't come off we are lost. (*Exit*).
Enters Gladys and Mabel.

GLADYS : Hello Auntie, having a sun bath ?
(*Having a bath*) ?

ELIZABETH : How ridiculous, child. Do I look as if I was having a bath ? Where is Mr. Tremayne ?

GLADYS : I don't know Auntie. I'm not at all interested in Mr. Tremayne's doings.

MABEL : (*Approaching laughingly*). The last I saw of him he was showing Mr. Challoner and Mr. Summers the rabbits.

GLADYS : He's a ridiculous idiot, and how much longer is he staying on here Auntie

ELIZABETH : I am sorry to hear you speak that way my child. Your Father will be terribly upset. As a matter of fact he had great hopes of your becoming Mrs. Tremayne.

- GLADYS : Mrs. Tremayne ? How ridiculous Auntie. Whatever possessed Daddy to think of such a thing ?
- ELIZABETH : Well, to put the matter plainly my child, we are badly in need of money and Mr. Tremayne is very rich and of course.
- GLADYS : I see, you want to sell me for Mr. Tremayne's money. I will not do it. Oh Auntie, you wouldn't expect me to do it, would you ? I don't love him and you wouldn't want to marry a man that you didn't love, would you Auntie Dear. (*Kisses her*). You remember your own young days, don't you Auntie ? (*Exit Girls carressingly*).
- ELIZABETH : (*Gazing after them, wiping a tear from her eye.*) Oh yes, I remember (*Cue for Song.*) Exit. Enter Mabel and Challoner in conversation.
- CHALLONER : And You'll write to me every day, won't you dear ?
- MABEL : Every day Bob. And you'll think of me sometimes won't you ?
- CHALLONER : Think of you Mabs ? Why I'll never forget you for a second night and day, and mind you think of me. Cue for duet,
and Finale of Act. 1.
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